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Great Barrington



GREAT BARRINGTON

IN THE HEART of the Berkshire Hills, so long and so justly celebrated for their healthfulness and beauty, is nestled the village of Great Barrington,—a gem among the mountains. The many attractions of this delightful spot can here receive but passing notice, as many pages could be filled with descriptions of its varied and picturesque scenery, which everywhere combines a harmonious blending of mountain and meadow, river and glen. All the characteristics of a charming picture are here manifested on every hand and throughout the year, by the ever changing lights and shadows that play unceasingly about river and crest, and which present to the beholder, like a kaleidoscopic vision, some new wonder at every point.

Through the Eastern portion of the town winds the sparkling Housatonic, reflecting from its placid surface its verdant fringe of graceful willows, whose overhanging boughs, swinging in the breeze, lightly sweep the passing waters, and whose bright green foliage accentuates the river's silvery sheen. Farther to the west ripples and splashes the beautiful Green River of which Bryant has fitly sung:

"Yet fair as thou art, thou shunest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side.
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen."

Coyly it wends its way over its pebbly bed, joining hands with the Housatonic to meet the waiting waters far below. Nature has here bestowed her gifts with a lavish hand, and if of any spot it may truthfully be said "Fair as the garden of the Lord," it is indeed of this.

The dry, cool, bracing air acts like a tonic upon the weary town dwellers who flock here year after year, crowding the neighboring farm houses, private cottages and the well kept hotels, of which the pretty hamlet boasts.

To these there will soon be added the Berkshire Inn, now in process of building which will be no mean rival to the best hotels of much larger places. The new Inn stands on the former site of the so called Bryant House, which has been moved a little back and preserved; a spot dear to all Barringtonians for its associations with William Cullen Bryant, as well as its connection with revolutionary times.

Happy the strife-worn denizen of the crowded metropolis who finds his way hither to this perfect haven of quietude and rest. The broad, well kept streets, bordered by fine old elms, under whose shadows at night gleam and glow the electric lights, make life easy for the belated traveler. The best of roads, delightfully smooth and hard, lead to picturesque places of interest for miles in all directions, claiming alike the praises of the cyclist and of those who drive over them.

Many people of means, from the outside world, have here found charming locations for summer homes, the stateliest of them all being the castle built by the late Mrs. Hopkins Searles, commanding an extended and most magnificent view of the surrounding country. Others, less pretentious but quite as tasteful, gleam from the hillsides here and there, overlooking a part of the picture most pleasing to the fancy of the contented possessor.

Being situated on the line of the Housatonic division of the New York and New Haven railroad, Great Barrington is very accessible. By the Berkshire Hills limited express, only about three and a half hours are required to make the trip from New York, over a most excellent road and through scenery unsurpassed for beauty. Nor does the man devoted to business find life here dull or monotonous. There are three daily mails from the south and as many more from the north. The Springfield and Albany morning papers arrive at nine and those from New York and Boston at ten o'clock in the morning; and the accustomed Sunday papers are in the hands of their readers by half-past ten. An extra train is run Saturday nights from New York, reaching here at 9.30, for the accommodation of business men who desire to spend Sundays with their families, and returning, leaves early Monday morning.

But after all that may be said or written, the real story of Great Barrington yet remains to be told. The vigor-laden air, the fragrant meadows, the glistening river and purling brooks, the gleaming heights and cooling shades, and over all the pervading peace of Nature, purified and serene, endow this spot with more than words can tell; its charms can be comprehended only by being seen and felt.



GREAT BARRINGTON—BIRD'S EYE VIEW, LOOKING SOUTH FROM KNOB HILL.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



BRYANT HOUSE.

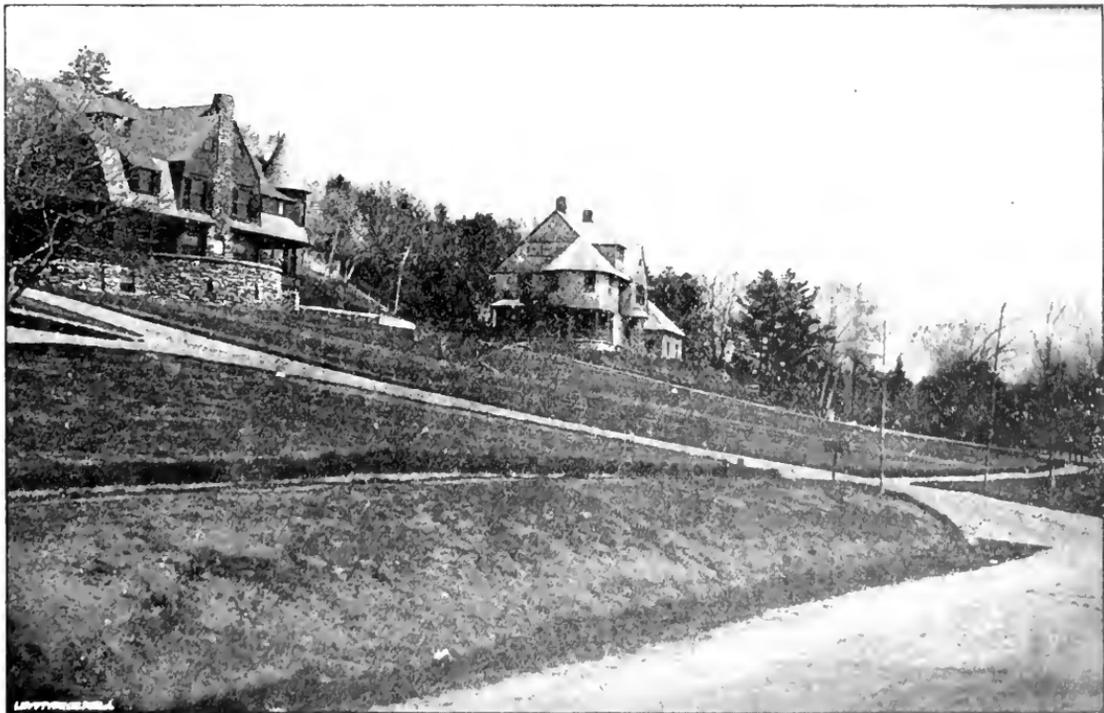


FROM HUMPHREY'S BRIDGE, LOOKING SOUTH.



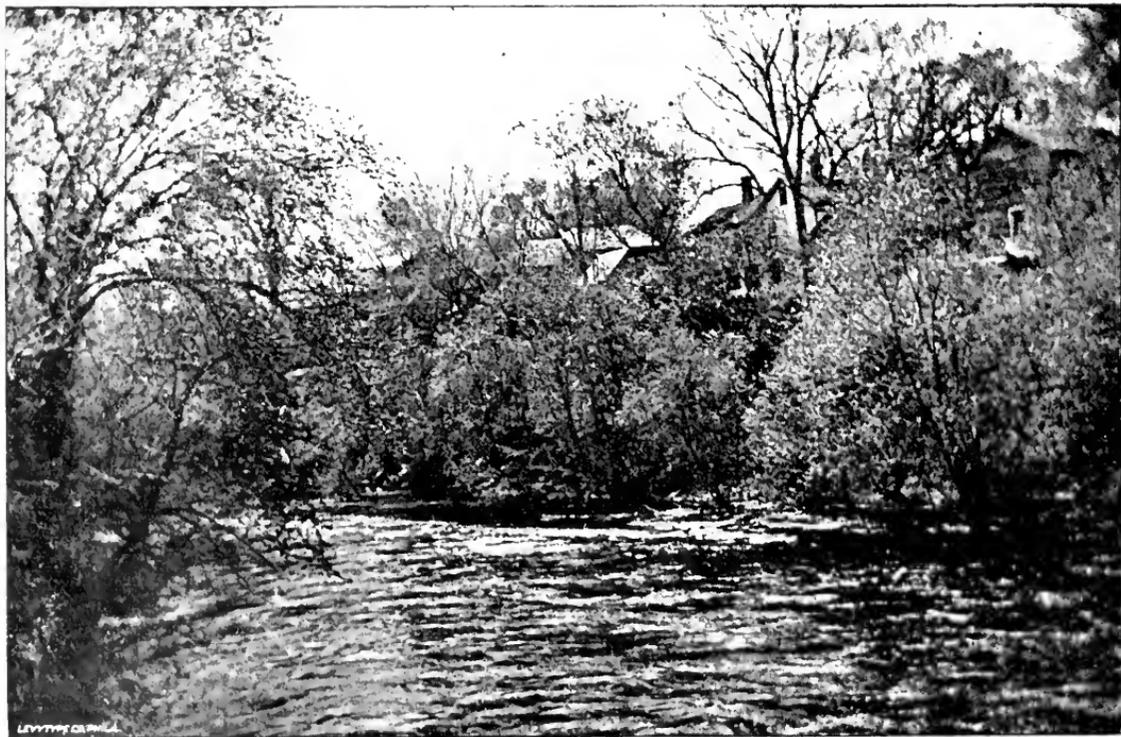
CHURCH OF ST. JAMES AND RECTORY.

TOWN HALL.



THE BOULDERS,
Summer Home of Mr. O. M. Arkenburg.

ARDEN CLIFF,
Summer Home of Mr. D. M. Morton.



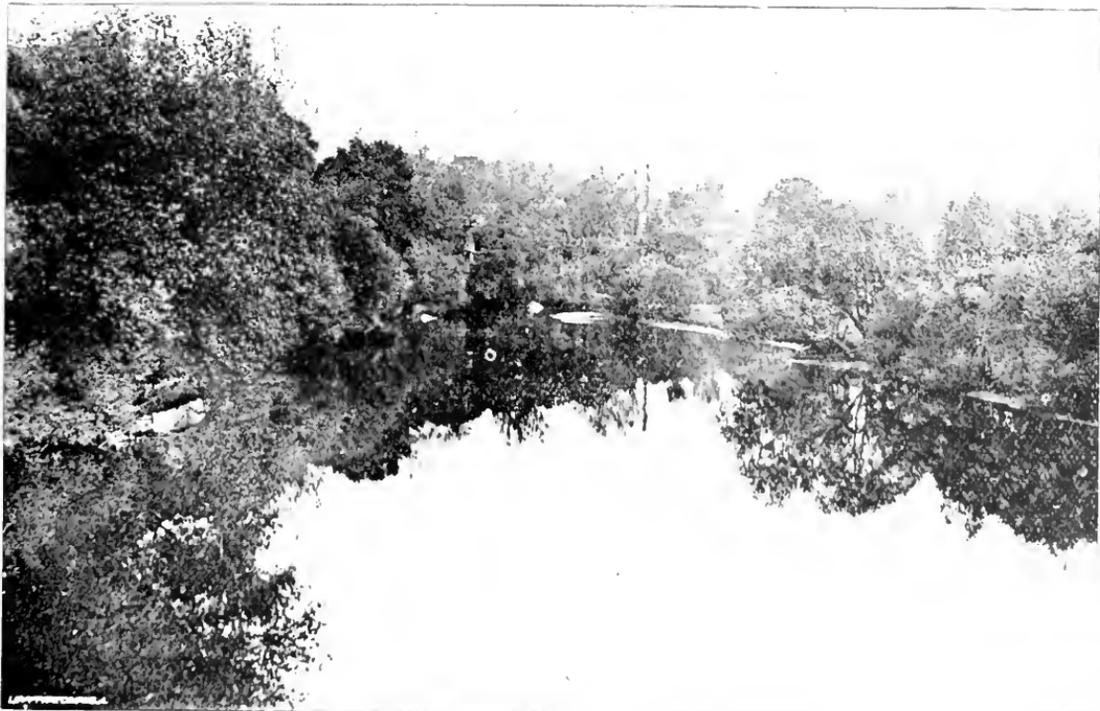
FROM MIDDLE BRIDGE, LOOKING SOUTH.



HAMILTON GRANGE—THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. W. F. TELL



SEDGWICK INSTITUTE—SELECT SCHOOL FOR BOYS.



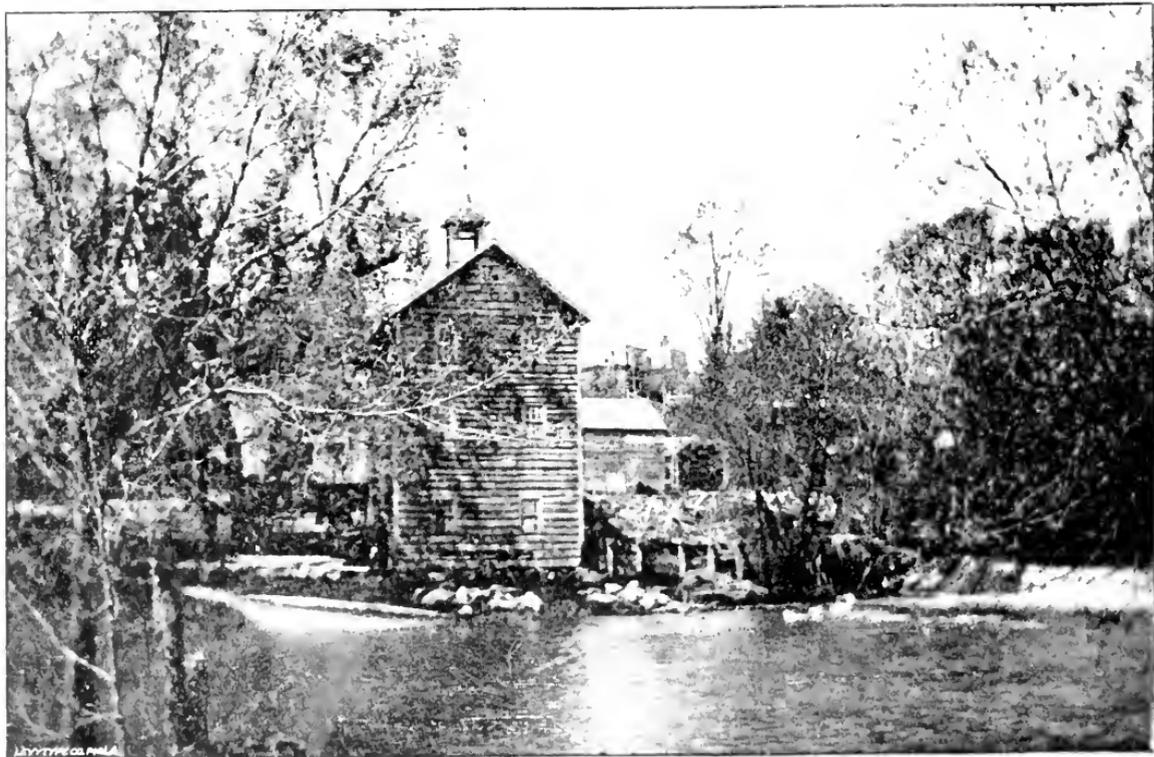
FROM UPPER BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH.



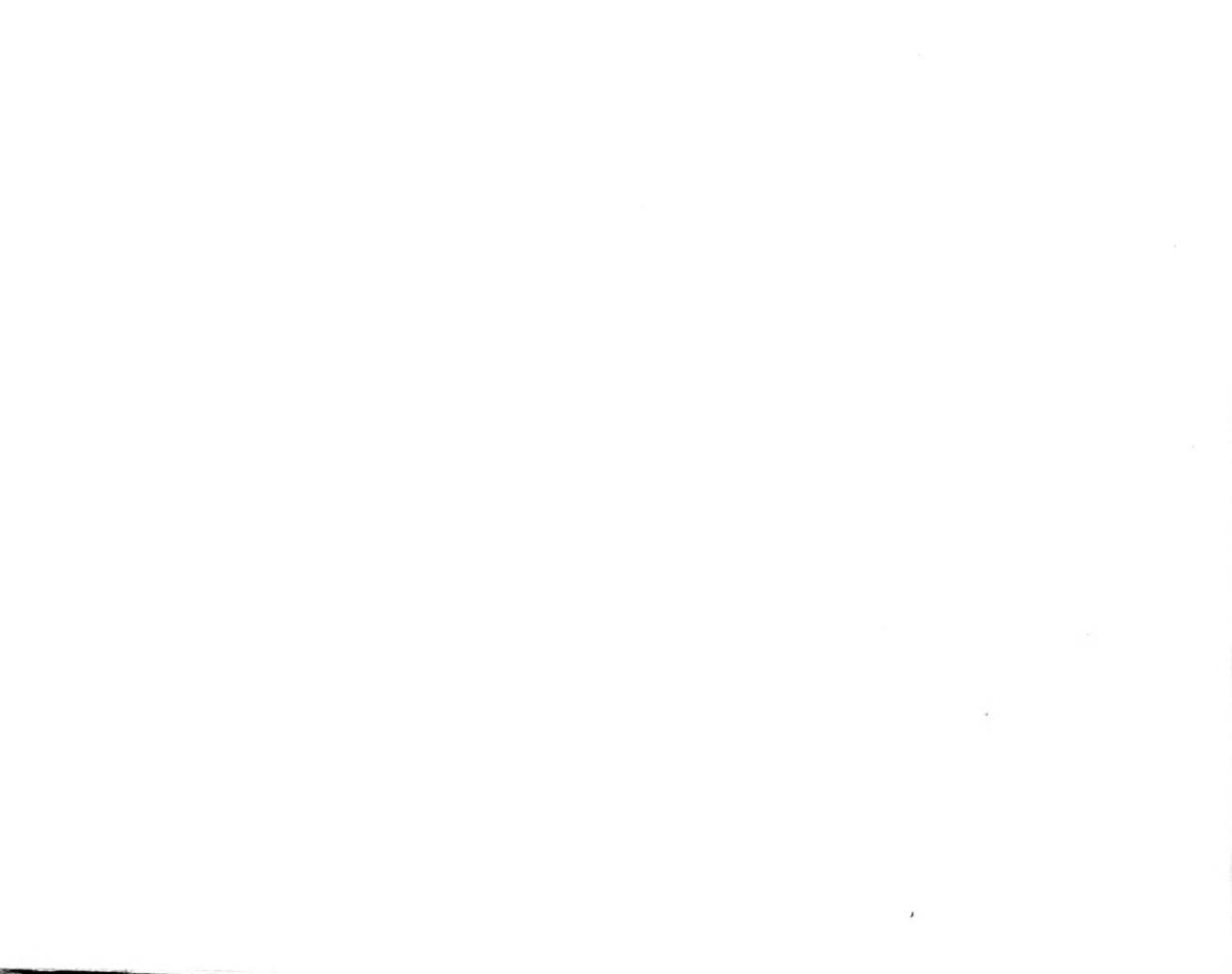
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND MANSE.

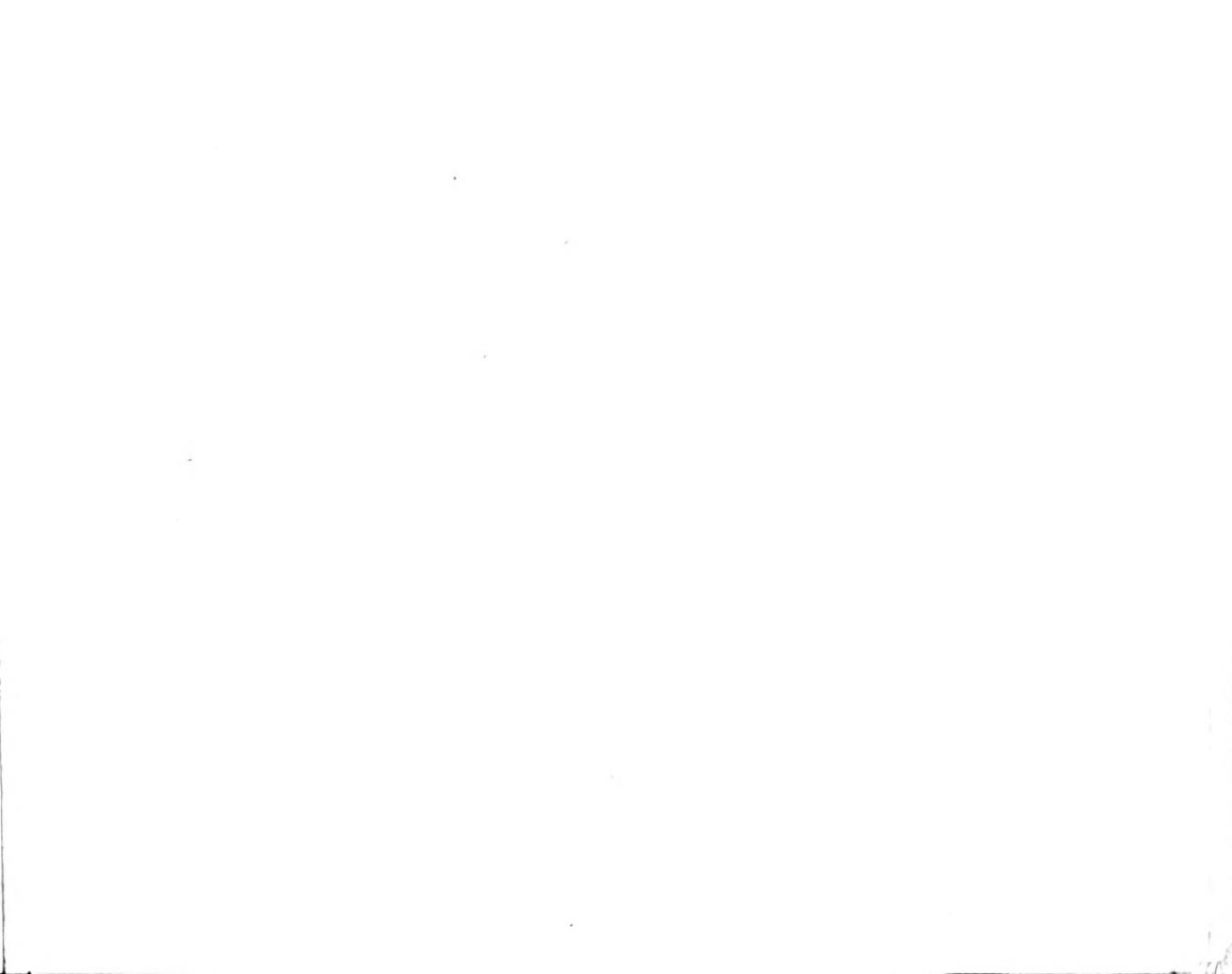


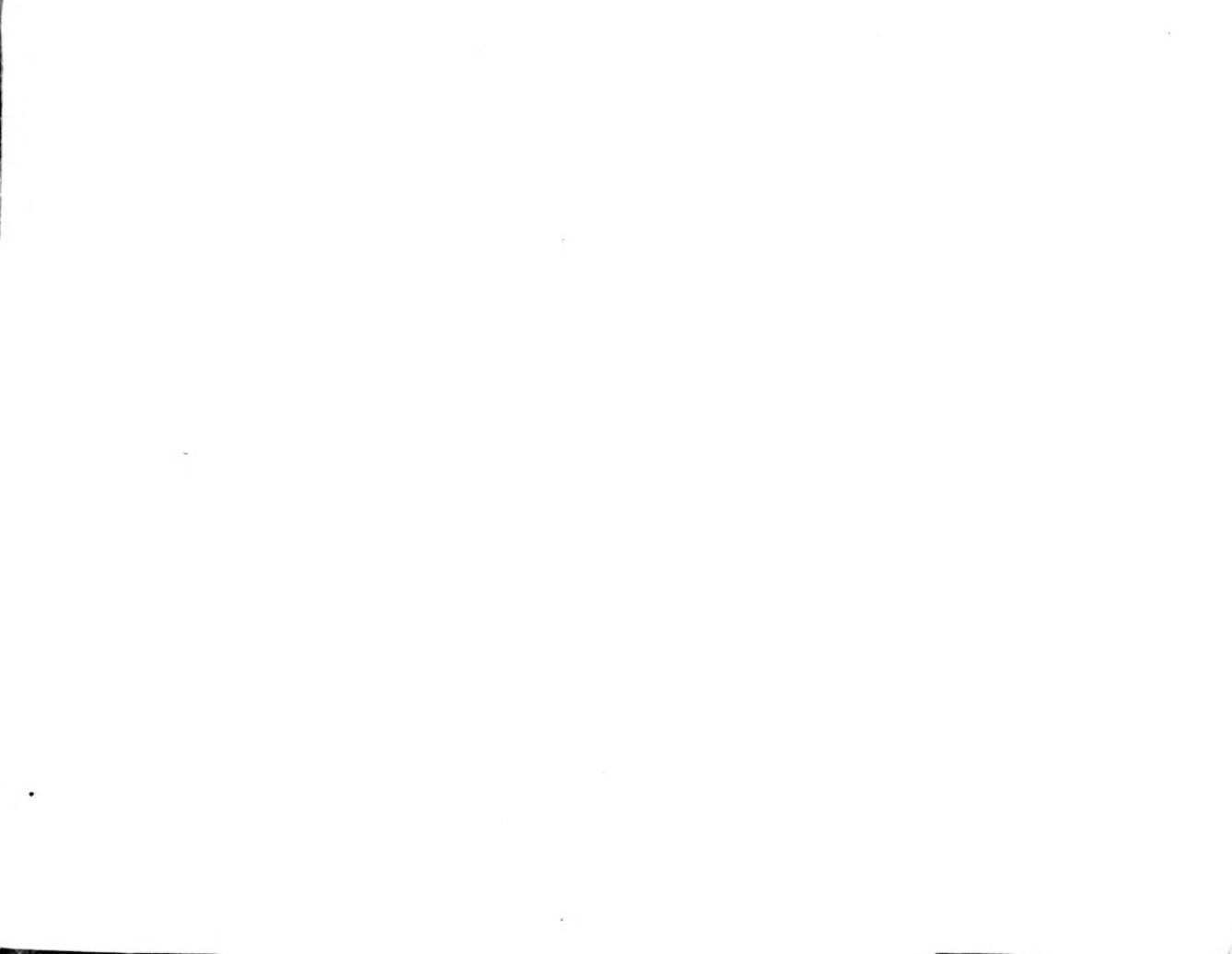
KELLOGG TERRACE—HOME OF THE LATE MRS. HOPKINS SEARLES.



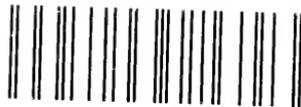
OLD MILL, GREEN RIVER.







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